

A DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS

By LEROY SCOTT

AND after, there was this much that Slim could not take away from her: she had acted in the full belief that the 2 o'clock train in the library between Slim and Gloria had been bona fide on both sides—and if she had not originated this plan and carried it out the Harrison and Kenneth would not now be free of an unfortunate relationship. So much was real and unsubtractable—and therefore, since everything had grown out of this, was this not in consequence almost everything?

She thought frequently of Kenneth. Was he, out there in the solitude of the West, where he had gone to conceal his heart, recovering from his heart-break and disillusionment? She hoped so, for he was deserving of a far finer girl than Gloria—of the very finest girl she would ever see again.

As the June days passed her humiliation lost its first keen edge, and she accepted matters as they were with a growing composure. The days were much alike, given over to bathing, going to tea, motoring about, or merely quiet chats with Mrs. Harrison; and of evenings there was frequent dancing in neighboring houses.

Her unchanging appearance of modesty made Mrs. Harrison believe her unspoilable, so the generous elder woman never withheld her praise. One afternoon, when Jennie had been at Silver Bluffs over a month, and she and Mrs. Harrison were standing upon the piazza gazing out at the blazing sun, Mrs. Harrison impulsively crossed to Jennie and kissed her.

"What's the matter?" asked Jennie, "couldn't help it—I just got to looking at you."

"Looking at me?" "Yes, Aunt Mary was saying to myself, 'the low-pitched voice went on: "She was beautiful when she first came to us, but she is growing more beautiful every day. And that is true, my dear."

Jennie grew warm with an uprush of exultant happiness. This was a wonderful world she had come into—

The Old World and the New THE beckoning hand took the form of a telegram, carried out to her by a maid. The message bore the signature of the lawyers who managed her affairs, and its ten words, to any other eyes than Jennie's, would have meant nothing more than that her lawyer required her presence that evening upon a matter of immediate business. But the telegram was a code, prearranged for use in case of extreme necessity. To Jennie the routine telegram meant that Uncle George wished to see her without delay.

She showed the message to Mrs. Harrison, and two hours later she was in the sitting-room of a suite in that great hotel-city, the Biltmore, in whose multitudinous bustle persons could come and go unnoticed, and she was shaking the hand of Uncle George.

"You sure are looking great, Jennie!" exclaimed the old man. "You sure are looking the real goods—better even than I ever thought you were!" Despite his words of admiration and approval, there was a soberness in his wrinkled face that would have excited Jennie's alarm even had the telegram not already done so.

"What's the matter, Uncle George?" she demanded. "It's bad news, my dear"—patting her hand—"but take it easy. What happens to us all, and I guess some day it'll be my turn."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

"THE CHRISTMAS TREASURE"

(Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl are taken by the rabbits to the Underground City, where the rabbits offer them a buried chest of silver and gold. Peggy rejects the offer, saying that the chest must belong to some one and Father Rabbit then tells its story.)

The Secret of the Gold FATHER RABBIT wagged his ears wisely as he sat down to tell Peggy, Billy, Judge Owl and the Rabbit family the story of the hidden treasure.

"Once upon a midnight dreary when I was out seeking my supper I came upon two rough-looking men creeping toward the house where the Patchy-patch family now lives. At that time an old man dwelt there alone. He was the grandfather of Harry and Minnie Patchy-patch, whom you saw on your way here, and he was a miser. He loved gold and silver above all else and had driven his family away for good."

THE GUMPS—Hurrah for Uncle Bim!



GET OUT THE ORNAMENTS AND DRESS UP THE CHRISTMAS TREE  
A REAL SANTA CLAUS IS COMING  
PUT OUT THE WELCOME MAT. SHINE THE SILVER BRING OUT THE EMBROIDERED AND THE NEW LINEN AND PUT THE PINK SPREAD ON THE SPARE BED - ROLL OUT THE OLD EASY CHAIR AND BRING THE FOOT STOOL



PETEY—And Throw in the Coal Scuttle



The Young Lady Across the Way



RIGHT BESIDE HIS OWN HOUSE DAD MAKES A REMARKABLE "FIND" OF CIGAR STORE COUPONS



"CAP" STUBBS—THE WATER WAS SPILLED



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Extraordinary Service



DOROTHY DARNIT—It Saves the Price of Moving



DREAMLAND ADVENTURES



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